

For the Children.

The Reason.

Two little girls sat down one day
Beside the garden wall to play,
And full, as children are, of chat,
They talked of this and then of that,
And I, who chanced to pass that way,
Heard Rosabel to Lucy say,
"Do you mind what your mother says?"
And Lucy, nodding, answered "Yes."
"I don't," responded Rosabel,
"That is, not always. She can't tell
If I don't mind when out of sight."
Said Lucy, "That's not doing right."
"But why," asked Rosabel, "do you do
Just what your mother wants you to?"
Lucy looked down a little while
In silent thought, then, with a smile,
Looked up again and answered she,
"Why, I love her, and she loves me."
—Golden Days.

"Polly O."

"Away out in the Rocky Mountains,
An old white horse, lived a little girl
named Mary, and she had a yellow kitty,
with a long tail, and a white spot on
the end of its tail. Now, one day,
the kitty went out of the house, and out
of the garden-gate, and up the mountain.
The kitty went up the mountain, and
Mary ran out of the gate, and followed
the kitty up the mountain."

"Very soon Mary's mother took her
hands out of the wash-tub (where she
had been washing clothes), wiped her
hands on a towel, and went to the door,<
and called softly: "O, Polly, O, Polly,
O, Polly, O!" But Mary did not turn
round nor answer, although she heard
her mother's voice."

Mary's father was in the yard, sawing
wood, and he stopped sawing, and laid
the log he had been working on upon
the ground, and he called loudly:
"Polly, O, Polly, O, Polly, O—Ho!"
But Mary did not turn around, nor an-
swer, although she heard her father's
call. And the kitty went on up the
mountain, and up the mountain; and
Mary went up the mountain."

Presently Mary's mother went to the
door, and, wiping her hands on the
towel, called again, not so softly, but
in just the same tones as before, "O,
Polly, O, Polly, O, Polly, O!" And
then Mary's father called, loudly and
roughly, "Polly, O, Polly, O, Polly,
O, ho!"

By this time the kitty was way up on
the mountain, and Mary was not far
behind the kitty, but still she could not
catch it; for it would spring behind the
sage brush, and up over the stones,
where it was hard climbing for the lit-
tle girl.

Presently Mary's mother called again,
and her "O, Polly, O!" was quickly
followed by the harsh and angry
"Polly, O, ho!" of the father, as he
stopped sawing wood.

By this time Mary knew she must go
home; so she turned and went down
the mountain; but she could not keep
from crying, and she put her hands
over her eyes, and cried, while she
went down the mountain, and through
the sage brush and over the stones, and
still down the mountain, until she
reached the garden-gate; and then she
felt something scratching on her dress
—and what do you think, that little
kitty had followed her all the way home!
In the meantime, Mary's father had
gone to the post-office, and all that
Mary's mother wanted was to have
Mary fix a warm blanket in a chip
basket for the kitty, so that she would
not run away from home.—Mrs. L. D.
Wickes, in *Little Men and Women*.

A Dear Bargain.

"It is a jolly knife!" said Ted, admir-
ingly.

"There are three blades besides the
corkscrew," said Tom; "it could not
have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" said
Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his
head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom,
laughing. "He's so green, you know.
I gave him my red alloy for it, and the
medal I picked up in the road; and I
told him the medal was silver and the
alloy was real marble, and worth a lot
of money, and he thinks he's got a
great bargain."

"O," said Ted, "that alters the
case. I would not have it at that price
if you gave me a hundred pounds as
well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's
such a soft as to believe everything you
tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how
he likes," said Ted, turning on his
heel, "but I would not sell my charac-
ter for all the knives in the world."
—*Boys and Girls Companion*.

A Precious Little Herb.

Two little German girls, Brigitte and
Wallburg, were on their way to the
town, and each carried a heavy basket
of fruit on her head.

Brigitte murmured and sighed con-
stantly. Wallburg only laughed and
joked.

Brigitte said: "What makes you
laugh so? Your basket is quite as
heavy as mine, and you are no stronger
than I am."

Wallburg answered: "I have a pre-
cious little herb on my load, which
makes me hardly feel it at all. Put
some of it on your load as well."

"Oh!" cried Brigitte. "It must in-
deed be a precious little herb! I should
like to lighten my load with it; so tell
me at once what it is called!"

Wallburg replied: "The precious
little herb that makes all burdens light
is called *patience*."—*Selected*.

How to Be a Gentleman.

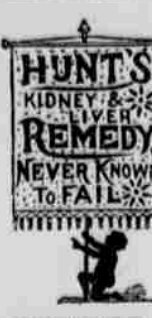
"You see I am a gentleman!" said
Will Thompson. "I will not take an
insult." And the little fellow strutted
up and down with rage. He had been
throwing stones at Peter Jones, and
thought that his anger proved him to
be a gentleman. "If you want to be a
gentleman I should think you would be
a gentle boy first," said his teacher.

"Gentlemen do not throw stones at
their neighbors. Peter Jones did not
throw stones at you, and I think he is
much more likely to prove a gentle-
man," said Will. "Bad pan-
taloons do not keep a boy from being a
gentleman, but a bad temper does.
Now, William, if you want to be a gen-
tleman, you must first be a gentle boy."

Disappointment in matters of pleas-
ure is hard to be borne. In matters af-
fecting health it becomes cruel. Dr.
Bull's Cough Syrup never disappoints
those who use it for obstinate coughs,
colds, irritation of the throat and lungs,
etc.

Advertisements.

CURES ALL
DISEASES OF THE
KIDNEYS,
LIVER, BLADDER,
AND
URINARY ORGANS,
DROPSY,
GRAVEL, DIABETES,
BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
PAINS IN THE
BACK,
LOINS OR SIDE,
NERVOUS
DISEASES.



TONIC AND BITTER,
It is Unequalled in Results and
Permanent in Its Cure.

LIVING TESTIMONY.

Blacksmith.

"Having had occasion to use a remedy for kidney
trouble, I purchased a bottle of HUNT'S Kidney and
Liver REMEDY, and it completely cured me. I have
no indigestion, and am hearty and healthy for one
of my years."—J. F. Woodbury, Blacksmith, Man-
chester, N. H.

"Small beginnings lead to large endings."

Carpenter.

"I was troubled with a weakness of the kidneys.
I had to pass my water as many as fifteen times
during the day. After having used the famous
bottle of HUNT'S Kidney and Liver REMEDY, I
found that all my trouble was gone."—Joseph G.
Miller, Carpenter, Xenia, Ohio.

"Be a friend to yourself, and others will."

Fireman.

"I have been a severe sufferer with a weakness of
the kidneys, and I took a severe cold while on duty
with the fire department. I had terrible pains in
my back, and my water troubled me. HUNT'S Kidney
and Liver REMEDY completely cured me."—H. A.
Glass, Columbus, Ohio.

"To the good night is not dark."

A Sailor.

Captain John Kimball, Sailor, New London, Conn.,
writes: "I was taken with severe pains in the small
of my back in the region of the kidneys. I had the
best medical attendance without experiencing any
relief. I bought and used a bottle of HUNT'S Kidney
and Liver REMEDY. Four bottles cured me."

Price \$1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials.
C. N. CRITTENTON, Gen'l Agent, New York.



CELERY COMPOUND
Diseases of the Nerves, Kidneys, Liver,
Stomach and Bowels, and acts as a
BLOOD PURIFIER AND TONIC

To the General System.

CELERY COMPOUND Cures Malarial dis-
eases from any form of complaint caused by malaria. It
is specially recommended, inducing a healthy action of
the system during malarial fevers in all its forms.

CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic
which never fails. It
strengthens and quiets the nervous system, and pro-
motes rest and quietude.

CELERY COMPOUND is the best medicine
for Kidney Complaints in the market. It contains all of the best re-
medies for these diseases, and never fails to cure.

CELERY COMPOUND immediately relieves
coughs, colds, and permanently
cures habitual constipation, itching piles, sick headache,
and all diseases of the stomach and bowels, with none of
the usual consequences upon the use of powerful cathartics.

CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and is a
tonic and stimulant to the digestive organs, making it one
of the best cures known for indigestion, dyspepsia, and
all diseases of the stomach.

CELERY COMPOUND is never known to
cause rheumatism and neuralgia. In severe and ob-
stinate cases of rheumatism, add one-fourth ounce of
iodide of Potassium to each bottle, then use the medicine
faithfully according to directions, and the cure is yours.

CELERY COMPOUND is the safest and
best remedy in existence for all the diseases incident to females, as thousands
can testify.

CELERY COMPOUND is prepared by an
apothecary who has had 35 years' experience in compounding medicines.
Its ingredients are purely vegetable, consisting of roots,
herbs, barks, and flowers, the names of which are
given on the label of each bottle. It is the best
in the world for aged people, quinine, bracing, and
toning the nervous system.

CELERY COMPOUND is sold at \$1.00 per
bottle for \$5.00, and may be obtained of every wholesale and
retail druggist in the United States or of the proprietor,
M. K. FAIRBANKS, Winchester, Vt.

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Deferred Matter.

Dairy Matters in Illinois.

Mr. Editor:—Elgin, Illinois, and vicinity,
as quite well-known, is the great milk
center of the West, and has, besides a large
number of butter and cheese factories, a
milk-condensing factory where some sixty
thousand pounds of milk are condensed
daily. Since the meeting of the National
Butter and Cheese Association, held at the
time of the fair at Chicago, this last
fall, much bad feeling was engendered
by allowing the butterine men to come in
and show their products; in fact it is on the
increase, induced largely by the insinuation
that the butterine men were adulterating
their butter. In view of this insinuation,
the Elgin Board of Trade, aided by a large
number of the creamery men of the West,
have organized a very able committee, to
pay a stipulated sum to every purchaser
of a pound of butter made by the members
of this association which is adulterated in the
least, or which is made from anything but
the pure cream of the cow, salt and color
excepted.

The Fox River Creamery Company, located
at Oswego, Ill., carried off the grand
sweepstakes prize for the best package of
pure butter exhibited at the National Butter
Show, and also the prize of \$50 in gold
offered by Drake, Parker & Co., proprietors
of the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, for
the best tub butter offered, over one hun-
dred competitors. This company has a
standing offer of \$1,000 in all the markets
where their products are offered for sale, as
a reward for a single package of adulterated
goods of their make, but as yet they have
never been called upon for any package of
this kind. All the whey, or the larger part of it, from
the large cheese manufactories is run off
into the sewers and goes to waste—a prod-
uct which ought to be utilized in making
milk-sugar. Boston, however, places a
standing offer of \$1,000 in all the markets
where their products are offered for sale, as
a reward for a single package of adulterated
goods of their make, but as yet they have
never been called upon for any package of
this kind. All the whey, or the larger part of it, from
the large cheese manufactories is run off
into the sewers and goes to waste—a prod-
uct which ought to be utilized in making
milk-sugar.

The larger part of the butter produced in
the West, as I have heretofore said, is
made in creameries or factories (instead of
being made up at home) from whole milk,
though lately many farmers who wish to
save their skimmed milk for their calves and
pigs have adopted the practice of setting
their milk in eight-inch diameter sets and
selling the cream at so much per inch, ac-
cording to the price of butter. The going
price now is about ten cents per inch for
cream, with butter at thirty cents. Some-
times, thinking they could realize more for
their butter, the creamery men base
their calculation on two and one-half inches
of cream making a pound—have from time
to time stopped sending their milk to the
factories and made it up at home. The re-
sults have been various, some contending
that less than two inches will make a pound
of butter, while other equally as good
butter-makers claim that they cannot make
a pound out of less than two inches. I am
speaking now of mixed herds of from forty
to one hundred cows.

Butter-makers, East as well as West, may
as well make up their minds first as last
that butterine has come to stay, and that
they have got a very able competitor in the
article. It is useless to kick when, as here
a few days since, one of our best butter men
was unable, after four different trials, to
pick out a package of butterine from a bunch
of ten tubs of genuine butter of the finest
quality, that was just one-half lard (or neu-
tral, as the dealers call it). As one man says,
butterine will have one good effect, if no
other—it will stop the sending to market of
butter of the finest quality. It will work a
complete change in the handling and care
of cows, in handling the milk from the time
it goes into the bucket until it goes into
the tub. In the stable, in the milk-room, in
short everywhere and at all times.

This (Kane) county, the center of the
dairy interests of Illinois, has been agitated
from center to circumference by the differ-
ence between some one starting the cry
that somebody's cows had that dreadful dis-
ease, pleuro-pneumonia. If a muley cow
was seen looking over her right shoulder at
the rising moon, or if a house cow remain-
ed in her knees for a few seconds before re-
tiring at night, the acts were taken as sure
signs that pleuro-pneumonia was rummaging
around their internal mechanism and that
the question of a few days was all that
separated the cow from the butcher. All
the cows of the herd would be similarly
affected. Valuable cows were killed to
save other valuable cows. Visits were
made by state veterinarians and local cow
inspectors. Some cows were killed, others
were quarantined; in either case the visits
resulted disastrously to the owners. And
now we find that on "Pansie Lassie" be-
ing killed at Rushville, this state, it was
discovered that she was suffering only from
a common lung fever, and that the whole
state, has suffered the loss of several valu-
able cows, by reason of the state veteri-
narian's bungling diagnosis; in fact it has
nearly ruined him, financially, as well as
his reputation. It is now pretty univer-
sally believed about here that there has never
been a case of malignant pleuro-pneumonia
in this state.

William E. Bowers, a farmer of Serena,
raised a cow, named "Pansie Lassie," and
half pound squash this season, the entire
product of one vine weighing over eight
hundred pounds. How is that for a squash?
and only one town out of over a hundred
heard from either.
K., Aurora, Ill.

That Sausage.

A clergyman in a southern state was on
his way to preach a funeral sermon. As he
was passing the house of a widow lady, a
member of his congregation, he stopped and
slaughtered their hogs as he had put just
a few pounds of sausage as a present, adding
that, as she had put it in double paper pack-
ets, she thought it would not sell her. He
thanked her earnestly for her kindness and
rode on, having put the parcel in his pocket.
All the time he was officiating at the fu-
neral, a large, half-starved hound kept sniff-
ing around him, sometimes approaching
alarmingly near, attracted by the scent of the
fresh meat. As the deceased was a man of
some prominence, there was a considerable
crowd collected, and great mourning and
lamentation came from the family group;
so no one paid attention to the hound, the
member of the animal, but all noticed with
concern—for he was beloved by the congrega-
tion—the great pallor of the clergyman, and
the beads of perspiration standing upon
his brow. He began to wonder to what he
owed it. Mr. H. must be ill. After the in-
terment they all proceeded to the church,
where the funeral sermon was to be preached.
Just before entering, Mr. H. turned round
to ascertain the whereabouts of this mem-
ber, when lo! there he was, not far from him,
but the crowd prevented him from approach-
ing too closely. Just at this moment some-
one gave the poor creature a cruel kick,
which sent him off howling. When the
minister reached his pulpit—one of those
old-fashioned affairs, ascended by a short,
steep flight of steps—he breathed more
freely. He was just about to commence his
duty, when he noticed the hound, who had
come noiselessly up the steps with a slip of
paper in his hand, which he wished to give
to the minister, but who was unnoticed by
that gentleman, though seen by all the con-
gregation. He gently reached in to get
the paper, and a thrill of horror
passed over the unhappy preacher at the
dreadful thought that the dog had entered
unseen in the crowd, and was now about to
take forcible possession of the sausage be-
fore the whole assembly; so, hoping to drive
him away, he kicked back, cautiously but
vigorously, and struck the old man in the
breast, who rolled down the steps. Seeing
the look of surprise and alarm on the face
of the audience, he stammered out, with
crimson face: "I must explain to you, my
brethren, what must seem my intemperate
conduct. A friend came out to me, as I
was passing her house, with a small pack-
age of sausage for me to carry home in my
pocket; but ever since I dismounted from
my horse this old dog"—pointing behind to
the prostrate sexton, but without looking
round, following me, and at length came
into the pulpit, and has been

tugging at my coat, determined to get the
sausage from my pocket." At this moment
the sexton, a little stunned and a little hurt,
arose from the floor, and the minister at a
glance took it all in, started wildly at him,
took a drink of water, turned very pale, and
sat down, overwhelmed with consterna-
tion.—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

Advertisements.

I Owe My Life.

CHAPTER I.
"I was with a cold a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I
got sick again, with terrible pains in my
back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!"
I shrank!

From 228 lbs to 120! I had been doctor-
ing for my liver, but it did me no good. I
did not expect to live more than three
months. I began to use Hop Bitters.

Directly my appetite returned, my pains
left me, my entire system seemed renewed
as if by magic, and, after using several bot-
tles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign,
but weigh more than I did before. To Hop
Bitters I owe my life." R. FITZPATRICK,
Dublin, June 6, '81.

CHAPTER II.
"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1885. Gentlemen—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neu-
ralgia, female trouble, for years in the
most terrible and excruciating manner. No
medicine or doctor could give me re-
lief or cure until I used Hop Bitters."

The first bottle
Nearly cured me.
The second made me as well and strong
as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."
My husband was an invalid for twenty
years with rheumatism.

"Kidney, liver, and urinary complaint,
Pronounced by Boston's best physicians
as 'Incurable'."

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him
and I know of no other cure.

"Lives of eight persons."
In my neighborhood that have been saved
by your Bitters.